

SUNDAY SCHOOL FOR "RADICAL THINKERS"

500 Boys and Girls Taught Strange "Parables" in Socialists' Classes.

FAIRY TALES ON MONOPOLY

"The Boss" and "Capital" Are Put in Weird Garb for Young Minds.

"Think! Think! Think! Come, now! Wake up here. Tell me who today is like the Giant Fairy Monopoly, who years ago in Happy Valley crushed the laboring people?"

An alert young woman snatched her fingers energetically. Then she smoothed her black hair as she waited for an answer.

She looked down at a group of children—girls in clean frocks, others in tattered, bearded dresses, and boys with tousled hair—gathered about her. She glanced intently from one child to another—not one of the children was more than 10 years old—and saw many hands raised as a signal that there was an answer ready. She motioned to a girl with a white, round face, with large luminous eyes and long lashes.

"The Boss" explained the child gleefully, and the other hands dropped because the children knew that the little girl with the big eyes had given the answer teacher would approve.

"That's good," said the young woman, with a smile of pride. "Now, how shall we get rid of the boss? Quick, now, think!"

Boy Would Kill Giant.

Again the hands went up and a boy, who covertly had been trying to show a companion a new top, half jumped from his seat and waved his hand excitedly. He was so enthusiastic that he won the privilege of answering.

"Kill him same as day did the giant," "Oh, no," the woman replied, confusedly. "They killed the giant in the fairy story, but that would not do today. We must learn to think of the rights of others, to be honest, and unselfish, for it is economic."

There were fifteen children in the group, all members of one class in a socialist Sunday school, which, three hundred strong, assembled yesterday morning on five different floors of a building at 208 East Broadway.

They were getting instruction through fairy stories in the principles of economics on which socialists put their greatest stress. They were gathered from different parts of the East Side to hear fairy stories and to play games, all imbued with the spirit of socialism. The aim of their teachers—many of them public school teachers—was to teach them to be radical thinkers when they grow up.

Fairy Giant Monopoly.

The teacher had begun the morning lesson by reading the story about the Fairy Giant Monopoly from a book compiled by Socialist leaders. It seemed that long ago there lived many happy men and women in Happy Valley, where there was plenty of corn and meat, and everybody was content. Presently the Fairy Giant Monopoly appeared and frightened the people, but their fear was allayed by his two dwarfs, Capital and Competition. They argued with the people and got them to talk to the giant.

"The Giant told the people," went on the teacher, "that there was enough gold in their fields to make them wealthy and their children after them. He offered to give them spades with which to dig the gold provided they would fill his bag with gold and build him a castle. The rest, he said, they could have. The people agreed."

"The cornfields disappeared. The fields were strewn with pits. The people were working hard and getting poorer, for the bag into which they poured the gold had a hole in it and the people could not fill it. They were getting hungry and had less than before Monopoly came."

"Fair Play Liberates People." The people were dissatisfied, so the giant told Competition to toss some gold among the people so they could scramble for it, thinking they would become content. But Fair Play thought it all over and he decided he would not work for giant Monopoly any more. He wandered away into the fields and planted corn and became happy. So he decided to go back and liberate his people. At first they called him lazy and stoned him, but he made them see what he had and what they did not have. Finally he aroused them to march on Monopoly and kill him.

"Then they searched the castle for the dwarf Capital and instead they found a beautiful Princess. The Princess told Fair Play that she had been captured by Monopoly and because she refused to do his bidding she had been turned into a hideous dwarf, but she had been freed by his death. Soon she fell in love with Fair Play and they were married. After that Fair Play and Princess Capital worked for all the people and everybody was happy again."

"The children listened eagerly to the fairy story. They had heard it before, but they were delighted, as all children are, to hear their favorite story told and told again to them. The anticipation of hearing old stories and still more wonderful ones keeps them looking ahead to the Sunday school as the event of the week."

Application of the Story.

Next came the application of the fairy tale to the present day.

"We do not teach the children Socialism," said the teacher. "We teach them to think for themselves, to reason out things right from the beginning, and they love to do it. Come now, children," she continued, addressing the eager-eyed group, "who understood the fairy story?"

Every hand went up. The teacher wanted to make sure they did, so she asked different ones to repeat parts of it and then she asked why the people were happy before Giant Monopoly came.

"Because they had plenty of wheat and corn, wood for fire and things to wear. Nobody interfered with other persons."

"Who put those things on the earth?" asked the teacher.

"God," said one child.

"Nature," answered another.

"Who placed us on the earth?"

"Nature,"

"Then the corn and the wheat were intended for all equally?"

"Yes," was the answer that came in chorus.

"Why were they unhappy after the giant came?" the teacher asked.

"Because they were getting poorer and poorer and the giant was cheating them," said a little girl whose waist was torn.

Children Know the Boss.

"Now, who is like the Giant Monopoly today?" asked the woman, urging the children to think. A new pupil answered "God"; another suggested "robbers," and then came the answer from the little girl with the big eyes about "the boss."

"That's good," said the teacher. "The boss is the giant today. What is he doing?"

"He is cheating the poor," came the answer in almost a flash from a boy with a baby face.

"Yes, he is not acting fair to the people who do the work, but tell me now who do the work?"

"The poor," was the answer in chorus.

"What are they doing for the boss?"

"They are putting work into the sack, but the sack has a hole in it and so the poor are getting poorer." This from one of the older boys with deep-set eyes who had seemed silent and thoughtful.

The teacher wanted details and a little girl piped up:

"Well, the boss doesn't pay enough for making the suits. He pays \$2 for the cloth, \$2 to father for making the suit and then sells it for \$14. That's the hole in the sack."

The answer made the teacher smile proudly and she continued drawing comparisons between ancient fable and modern economics.

"How shall we do away with the boss?"

"By the force of the fairy story," instructed by induction. The answer from the boy who hitherto had been playing with a top and who wanted to "kill do boss same as day did the giant," came in a flash and after an explanation concerning ethics she said:

"Now, we must not kill him. We must get rid of him. We must invade his castle and rescue the princess. Now, how are we to do that?"

Some Suggest Force.

Instantly every hand in the class was up. There was youthful enthusiasm on every face, suggesting that every one of the ten-year-olds had a solution. One by one they were assigned answers.

"Make him out with force," was the suggestion of a girl, but she was admonished by the teacher, who said, "No, we must not use force."

"Make him work for us," said the girl who had told about her father making suits and who seemed to have some idea of sabotage.

"And how?" said the teacher. "He would discharge you if you did that."

"Burn the house," shouted another youngster, who was chided for his lawless suggestion.

"Go on a strike," volunteered still another.

Still the teacher did not get the answer she wanted. She repeated her "think, think" admonition, studying the face of one child after another as if trying to read what each had in mind.

"Stop work," was another reply, and then one boy suggested:

"Let all the people gather up—"

"Now you are on the right track," encouraged the woman, and another voice said:

"And all work for themselves—"

"Yes," said the teacher, "all work together. Then Fair Play and the Princess will work for the people and everybody will be contented as they were in Happy Valley."

Tells Another Story.

She told a story about persons who were dissatisfied, explained to them they had to fight for their living just as people did back in the Stone Age and how they all worked together in a common cause. She told of their finding gold and precious stones and then presently how other persons came along.

"Then what happened to the gold?" she asked.

"It was taken by force," shouted the class in chorus.

The real serious work over, the teacher called the children to line up for a few minutes exercise. As the youngsters were getting into line she explained that the Sunday school has nothing to do with religion except to teach the moral value of economics.

"We have children of many nationalities," she said, "and of course we cannot attempt to lay before them the Bible or any interpretation of that Book."

After the exercises games were in order, arranged presumably to impress on the children the different Socialist songs. The game was something like "Hot and Cold" in that one child was sent from the room while a long envelope was stowed away in some part of the room, and then the child was called in to find it while the children sang a song, their voices falling softly when the searcher was far away from the object and rising higher as the searcher got "warm."

Sing Socialist Songs.

As the girl searcher entered the room the signal was given to sing "The International Party" and then as the girl wandered about the children gleefully hummed:

"Arise, the prisoners of starvation" and then, as the teacher, "Arise, ye wretched of the earth, for justice thunders condemnation, a better world's birth."

"Louder," commanded the teacher as the girl almost stumbled on the object of the hunt, and then as the girl picked it up the children's voices rang with:

"Let each stand in his place." Such was part of the Sunday school lesson in one class. In another room a group of children a little older were receiving instruction in the difference between public and private institutions, were learning something about profits and about rent, about taxes and how those taxes go to pay for the public schools.

In still another class girls were receiving instruction in dancing. They stepped and bowed gracefully to the dignified music of a minuet, while a teacher stood near giving directions. In another class much older pupils, earnest in appearance and neat in dress, were discussing the science of sound waves. In another class still older boys and girls were learning some things about sex hygiene.

When the lessons of the classes were ended all the pupils gathered in the assembly hall, where they sang socialist songs, one of which to the tune of "Red, White and Blue" ran:

"If you dam up the river of progress— At your peril and cost let it be!"

There were battle songs, marching songs, patriotic airs, to all of which 300 children devoted themselves with zeal.

"We have an enrollment of 500 in this school," said a teacher, "and there are sixteen socialist Sunday schools in greater New York. We are not trying to teach the children Socialism. We are aiming simply to open their minds, to wake them up, to teach them to reason for themselves. We want to make thinkers, radical thinkers of our children in this country."

John D. Spends Sunday at Home.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 8.—John D. Rockefeller spent the day at his Pocantico Hills home. It was expected that a large congregation turned out to welcome him back, but Mr. Rockefeller did not appear. He has invited a few friends to play golf with him to-morrow.

MINISTER'S "DAMN" LOST HIM HIS PULPIT

The Rev. Mr. Quinn Is Forced to Resign From Greenpoint Church.

DEFENDS HIS ACTION

Upholding Dancing, Pastor Said Many Other Things Were "Damned Slight Worse."

"I never said 'I'll be damned or 'You be damned' to the senior warden of my church," explained the Rev. Charles L. Quinn, pastor of the Reformed Episcopal Church, when asked yesterday by a reporter for The Sun to give his version of an impromptu dancing party held in the lecture room of the church, which caused uproar in the congregation and the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Quinn.

"I did use the word 'damned,' the pastor continued, "to Senior Warden MacLellan when, after I had the young people engaged following a supper in the lecture room one night last January, the senior warden called me down for giving permission to the dancers. I simply said to Mr. MacLellan that as far as I could see there are things as damned slight worse than dancing. And when I see people about me trying to put our church down and out I think I am right."

Engagement for Baptism.

The youthful looking clergyman, explaining that he had an engagement to baptize four boys of the church of Miss Hattie Geiger, president of the church's Band of Hope, invited the reporter to go along to Miss Geiger's home, at 65 North avenue.

At Miss Geiger's were half a dozen young women of the congregation, whose expressions of loyalty toward the deposed minister were enthusiastic. One of the women, who reported that the minister's name was "Nana," and never mind the rest of it," quickly came to the minister's aid as the girls gathered around him in Miss Geiger's parlor.

"And how," said the old man who started the dancing that night after the church supper? "Why, he grabbed one of the girls and started to swing her. He had a check book with him, but he wrote any checks he found his way to the bank."

The search for the missing man, who was taken by the Rev. Mr. Quinn, and former Public Service Commissioner William R. Wilcox.

BEAT AND ROB WOMAN IN BED.

Robbers Enter Widow's Flat and Flew With \$9.

Mrs. Mary Deery, a widow, 55 years old, of 309 East Thirty-fourth street, was beaten and robbed yesterday morning at 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning.

The receipts of the door of her flat and demanded money. She had \$9 in a purse under a pillow. It was the work of a moment when the intruders beat the woman when she refused to hand over the purse and fled.

Mrs. Deery opened a window and shouted for help. Policeman O'Connor saw two men running toward the Long Island City station and followed them. He caught one, who said he was James MacLellan, of 629 Second avenue. Mrs. Deery recognized the prisoner as one of her assailants.

Mrs. Deery was arrested before Magistrate Corrigan in the Yorkville police court. Mrs. Deery was not there to prosecute. O'Connor told the Magistrate he thought the woman was a victim of a case of buffers that hangs out around Thirty-third street and First avenue.

The Magistrate adjourned the hearing for the woman and issued a subpoena for the witness.

The prisoner was held in default of \$2,000 bail.

BLAMES DIRECTORS FOR RUSH ON TO GET RID OF EGGS IN STORAGE

Wm. B. Lawrence Says Boston and Maine Head Didn't Have Free Hand.

Boston, Feb. 8.—William B. Lawrence, of Bedford, Mass., trustee of his father's estate is the largest minority stockholder of the Boston and Maine Railroad, said to-night that in his opinion the sudden resignation of President McDonald without notice to the directors was due to two things.

First, he believed Mr. McDonald was told by Commissioner Brooks that he could not hold the position of president of the Boston and Maine and the Maine Central at the same time, and as the latter corporation presented no such problem for successful and profitable operation, as did the Boston and Maine he decided to stick to his "first love." Secondly, Mr. Lawrence believes that Mr. McDonald was influenced in taking the action he has taken in leaving the company here, to see the road honestly and in a business-like way.

Mr. Lawrence does not think the directors have fixed upon any man as Mr. McDonald's successor. He believes they realize that they are holding office illegally through the taking of control by the New Haven in defiance of the State and Federal laws. He also expressed the belief that the directors will not choose a successor to Mr. McDonald in view of the proposed trusteeship for the New Haven's holdings, knowing that when this comes about they will be "tipped out" of the directorate.

Mr. Lawrence has no fears of a recedership being asked for the Boston and Maine, as he is certain that the people who are responsible for the diverting of freight and other business of the decrease in Boston and Maine earnings will not permit any note holder to go so far as to apply for a receiver, realizing that the appointment of one honest one might mean their being tried upon criminal charges.

NEW PROFESSOR AT N. Y. U.

Vittorio Raccia Comes From Boston University.

Chancellor Brown announced yesterday the appointment of Vittorio Raccia of Rome, a distinguished Italian educator, as instructor in the Italian literature and languages in New York University. Commendatore Raccia was formerly professor of political economy at the University of Rome.

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SEEK BOSTWICK'S BODY IN PARK RESERVOIR

Wife Fears Watts Company Treasurer, Missing Since Jan. 4, Is Dead.

Mrs. Charles Byron Bostwick, whose husband, secretary-treasurer of the A. J. Watts Company, disappeared from his home, 19 West Thirtieth street, on January 4, has asked the police to drag the reservoir in Central Park for the body, after a hunt through this country and Canada to find him alive.

Mrs. Bostwick, who made her first public statement yesterday to The Sun, explained that her husband had been in the habit of taking long walks through the park and she fears he may have fallen into the reservoir.

Not only have circulars been sent to all parts of the United States and Canada, said Mrs. Bostwick, "but we have also had the motion picture men and the Salvation Army aid us in our search."

"His disappearance is still a mystery. Several times we have received reports that he was found, but each time new facts left us without hope."

"Mr. Bostwick's health, both physically and mentally, had been poor. He had been suffering from neuritis, which caused a partial paralysis. Shortly before he disappeared he was unable to put on a glove and had to be assisted in putting on his overcoat. I fear that during a more severe attack of the disease he may have fallen into the reservoir in Central Park."

"We have visited every hospital in New York and nearby places. We even went to the hospital at Island No. 1, where he had been taken, but he was not at any certain hospital. We made a personal inspection. When he left home on January 4, he did not have much money with him. He had a check book, but if he wrote any checks none has found its way to the bank."

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QUEEN LOUISE STILL STRANDED ON SHOALS

Wind Keeps Tide Down and Efforts to Float Her Fail.

CROWDS WATCH ATTEMPT

Thousands on Beach—Tugs Will Try Again To-day.

MANHATTAN, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Three tugs and two revenue cutters pulled and hauled for about an hour this afternoon in an ineffectual attempt to get the steamship Queen Louise into deep water, but the tide was not in their favor and the work of trying to get the vessel off this afternoon had to be abandoned, to be resumed again to-morrow morning at high tide.

All day long there were throngs of visitors along the beach from Sea Girl to this place, and the life savers and others estimated that at least thirty thousand persons saw the wreck to-day. It was bitter cold, and although they were all warmly clad, many of the visitors built huge bonfires and remained rather close to them while watching the efforts of the wreckers to float the Queen Louise.

The three tugs made fast to the vessel and with the aid of the revenue cutters Seneca and Itasca pulled away while the stranded vessel was making every effort with her propellers to aid in the work, but it is not believed the vessel moved a foot during the hour or so that the wreckers worked upon her. The high winds to-day caused a lower high tide mark than was required to get the vessel off the bottom.

The work of getting the cargo of tin from the vessel was begun by the Merritt Chapman Wrecking Company this morning. The work of pumping out the water ballast was also taken up to-day. Capt. McDonough of the Queen Louise to-day, as Capt. McDonough was sure the tugs would float the vessel at high tide, and he wanted to take the cabin boys when he resumed the trip.

Cyril Punt and Leon O'Harrison, two of the cabin boys brought ashore yesterday in the breeches buoy, were taken aboard the Queen Louise to-day, as Capt. McDonough was sure the tugs would float the vessel at high tide, and he wanted to take the cabin boys when he resumed the trip.

The search for the missing man, who was taken by the Rev. Mr. Quinn, and former Public Service Commissioner William R. Wilcox.

WAINWRIGHT FOR PEACE THROUGH LARGER NAVY

Admiral Says Advocates of Disarmament Misread World's History.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Those who advocate disarmament of the nations as a prelude to world peace misread the history of the political development of the world, in the opinion of Rear Admiral Richard Wainwright, U. S. N., retired, who has prepared for the Navy League a discussion of the naval policy of the United States.

"All men believe in striving for universal peace," says Admiral Wainwright, "but only the method by which they propose to reach this end differ greatly. It seems to me that those who advocate disarmament as a prelude to universal peace misread the history of the political development of the world."

"We have a naval policy. The people should learn that it is to their interest to have a strong navy. It is to their interest to reach this end and differ greatly. It seems to me that those who advocate disarmament as a prelude to universal peace misread the history of the political development of the world."

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PROHIBITION UP AS A BIG ISSUE

Continued from First Page

of a municipality for the establishment of a saloon and which practically results in Statewide prohibition to county option and law enforcement measures of smaller scope.

"At the beginning of 1913 there were nine States which had passed prohibition laws and anti-saloon advocates assert that before the end of the present year their aggressive organization will have procured the enactment of Statewide prohibition laws in four more States, Virginia, Idaho, Iowa and California."

The nine States before January 1, 1913, which had enacted prohibition laws were Georgia, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Tennessee and West Virginia. These States have a population of nearly 15,000,000 persons.